

No. 6

MARCH

The

# KILROYS

INC.

10¢

*America's Funniest Family!*

KILROY  
WAS HERE!





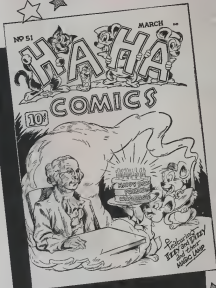


WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# HA-HA! HO-HO!

MAKE WAY FOR **FUN!**



...FOR THE  
MERRIEST,  
HOWLINGEST  
UPROAR OF  
LAUGHS YOU'VE  
EVER HAD!

★ IT'S **JOLLY--**  
**SPARKLING--**  
**OVERFLOWING--**  
**WITH GLEE**  
**AND GAIETY**  
**THAT'LL KEEP**  
**YOU ROARING!**

*Don't miss...*

## HA HA COMICS

# 10¢

— ON ALL STANDS —

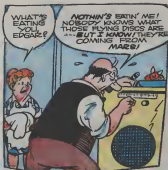
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Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick M. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, 10¢, foreign postage extra. Entered as second class matter March 25, 1947, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.  
No. 5, March, 1948. Printed in U.S.A.

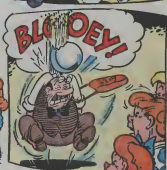
# The KILROYS

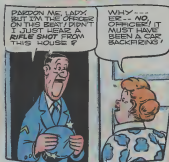
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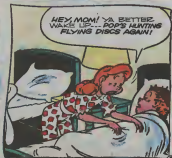
## "THOSE FLYING DISCS"





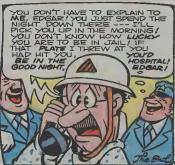












# Little BIG-MOUTH

**J**IMMY PETERS looked at his reflection in the mirror, shook his fist angrily at himself and muttered, "Go on, you're a coward! All you have to do is walk up to the girl an' introduce yourself. But you are scared. Scared of a girl!"

"Who ya scared of, Jimmy, huh?" a curious voice inquired. "It's that red-headed Marilyn, huh? The one that just moved two houses away, huh?"

Jimmy stared at his little sister coldly. "Mind your own business, Cathy," he advised her, "and you won't get into trouble. See? Now beat it!"

"I was just askin'!" Cathy protested, retreating hastily down the steps. "Gee whie! Gee," she continued, talking to herself, "a sister isn't s'posed to know anything these days, I guess. Gosh, I'll bet I could get him to meet that red-headed Marilyn easy! In fact . . ."

Five minutes later, Cathy Peters was gossiping busily to her very best friend, Susie. "An' my big brother, Jimmy, says that red-headed Marilyn is the funniest-lookin' girl he's ever seen! Why, he said he wouldn't even talk to her unless a policeman or somebody made him! You won't tell anybody, will you?"

"Oh, no!" Susie assured Cathy. "I won't, honest. I guess I hafta go now. G'bye!"

Cathy watched Susie as she proceeded down the street. She watched Susie stop in front of the house where that red-

headed Marilyn lived. She watched Susie walk up the steps of the front porch.

Jimmy Peters was still hawling himself out when a red-headed streak of lightning came shooting up to his house. "Are you Jimmy Peters?" the lightning streak demanded. "I'm Marilyn . . ."

"Gosh! I know!" Jimmy could scarcely believe his eyes. "It's swell of you to come over an' . . ."

"And give you a piece of my mind! How dare you say what you said? Who cares if you ever do talk to me? Who cares what your opinion is of certain people's looks? Who even wants to . . ."

"Now wait a minute!" Jimmy was baffled, but he meant to get to the bottom of things. "Suppose we just sit on the porch swing and find out what this is all about!"

"I won't!" Marilyn shouted as she plumped down into the swing.

"You see, I couldn't have said those things," Jimmy started to explain. "I just couldn't! Why, you have no idea . . ."

From behind the front hedges, Cathy Peters could see her brother talking to that red-headed Marilyn. At first, that Marilyn kept looking angry. Then she started to smile.

Cathy began to play a skipping game on the sidewalk. "Guess I fixed it," she thought smugly, waving to Susie across the way. Aloud, she said, "Thanks, Susie!"

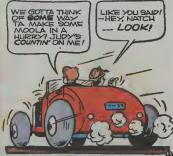
"For what?" Susie wanted to know.

But Cathy just kept right on skipping.



# Natch

"PUNCHY FOR JUDY"





LEMME GO!  
I DON'T  
WANNA FIGHT  
ANYBODY!  
NOT EVEN  
YOU!

HOLD IT, BOY! I SAW  
'EM OPERATE LAST  
NIGHT! THE WHOLE  
DEAL'S CROOKED! THEY  
GOT LEAD WEIGHTS IN  
THE GLOVES! GLOVES!



YOU DO JUST LIKE I SAY  
AN' WE CAN'T LOSE!  
COME ON, WE'LL GO  
HOME AN' GET  
YA INTO  
SHAPE!

YEH,  
I KNOW!  
LIKE A PRETZEL  
-- AFTER HE  
GETS THROUGH  
WITH ME!



HEY! IF IT'S SO  
EASY, WHY'NT  
YOU FIGHT  
HIM YOURSELF?  
YOU NEED THE  
CASH TA TAKE  
JUDY TA THAT  
HOP!

DON'T BE SO SELFISH!  
THERE'S 25 BUCKS  
IN THIS FOR YOU  
-- AN' BESIDES,  
I'M DOIN' ALL THE  
BRAIN WORK,  
CHUM!



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY,  
JACKSON! I'VE PUT UP THIS  
SHEET JUST LIKE THE  
CANVAS SIGN AT  
THE CARNIVAL!  
YOU STAND IN  
FRONT OF IT  
AND DUCK EVERY  
TIME I SWING!



THAT'S IT,  
JACKSON!  
NOW YOU'RE  
CATCHIN' ON!



WHY IS IT MY SHIP  
ALWAYS HAS TA  
GET BATTERED  
IN YOUR BRAIN-  
STORMS, NATCH?

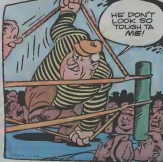
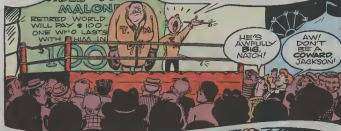
YOU'RE IN  
GREAT SHAPE  
NOW, PAL!  
REAL SHARP!

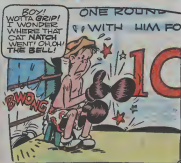
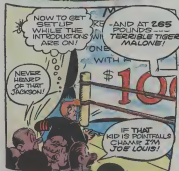
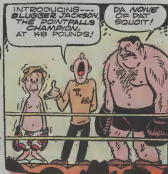
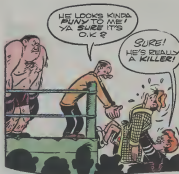


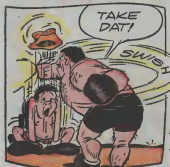
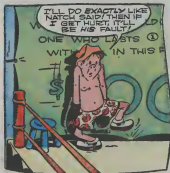


# THAT NIGHT...

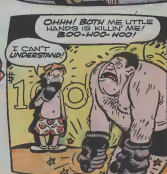
LADIES AND GENTS! INTRODUCING TERRIBLE TIGER MALONE, EX-CHAMP OF THE WORLD! HE CHALLENGES ALL COMERS AND OFFERS 100 DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO LASTS ONE ROUND WITH HIM! HOW'S ABOUT IT, FOLKS --- WHO'S FIRST??

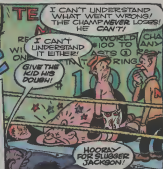
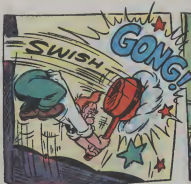


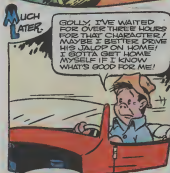
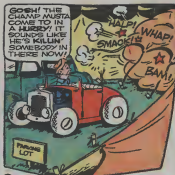












# Just an **OLD THING**

**WINKY BARRETT** tried to look happy, but she couldn't quite make it. Mrs. Barrett looked at Winky, stifled a sigh and asked, "Aren't you thrilled, Winky? In just three days, you'll be the belle of the high school prom!"

"Oh, I'm thrilled all right, mother," replied Winky, wrinkling her forehead unhappily. "After all, I'm going with Tommy Crane and he's . . . he's super! But . . .

"But?" asked Winky's mother, as though she didn't know.

"Well, the prom's formal." Here, tears came into Winky's eyes. "All the girls are getting new gowns. I hate to be a drip, mother, and I know we can't afford anything new, but . . ."

Mrs. Barrett tried to help. "Perhaps we could . . ." she started to say, when Winky interrupted.

"It's no use, mother. I . . . I . . . just won't go to the prom! I'll call Tommy and tell him I don't feel well. I'd rather not go at all than be a dis . . . disgrace!"

"Now just a minute, Winky!" Mrs. Barrett's voice was suddenly strong and determined. "You're going to that prom and you're going to have something to wear . . . something *special*! I've been saving it for another occasion, but . . . well . . . here it is!"

Winky's eyes popped wide open. She gasped. "Oh, mother, no! Not that old thing! I couldn't, I won't!"

"You can and you will," said Mrs. Barrett firmly. "Now stand up and let me

take your measurements!"

The next three days seemed to slip by so rapidly that Winky could hardly believe it when Saturday came. Yet there she was, in front of mother's full-length mirror, all dressed for the prom! She was so nervous, she stuttered.

"M . . . mother!" exclaimed Winky. "Mother, I've made up my mind! I'm not going! Ooooh . . . there's the bell. It's T . . . Tommy! Answer it, mother. Tell him I'm sick. Tell him . . ."

"You answer it, Winky," smiled Mrs. Barrett.

Winky's knees were watery as she opened the door. Tommy Crane stared at her for a moment. Then he gulped. "Winky Barrett!" he cried.

"L . . . let's go, Tommy," said Winky weakly. .

Five hours later, Winky Barrett said good-night to Tommy Crane and danced into the house. "Mother!" she shouted. "Wake up! I'm home!"

"I am up, dear," said Mrs. Barrett. "I've been waiting."

Winky threw her arms about her mother's neck, hugged her tightly, and then curtsied deeply. "I bow to you, mums," she said quietly. "I want to report that I was the most *sensationel* girl at the prom! Mother, I owe it all to you . . . to you and your beautiful old *wedding dress*! Thank you, mother!"

"Thank you, Winky," smiled Mrs. Barrett, kissing her daughter.

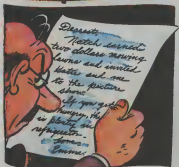
# The KILROYS

in

## "TRICKS OF THE TRADE"







LATER...

HELLO, EDGAR DEAR!  
SORRY WE'RE LATE!  
--MY GOODNESS--  
WHY THE GROUCH?

YOU'D BE GROUCHY TOO...  
IF YOU SLAVED ALL DAY  
LIKE I DO TO SUPPORT THIS  
GALLIVANTING FAMILY! I WAIT HERE  
AND STARVE WHILE ALL OF YOU  
HAVE YOURSELF A TIME!

PRETTY SOFT, I  
SAY! ANY TIME  
YOU WANT, YOU  
CAN LIP AND  
QUIT FOR THE  
DAY! YOU  
SHOULD HAVE  
MY HOURS!

EDGAR, DON'T BE  
PREPOSTEROUS! YOU  
ACT LIKE I DID THIS  
EVERY DAY!

WELL, HOW  
DO I KNOW  
YOU DON'T?  
IT'S PRETTY  
SOFT, THIS  
HOUSEKEEPING  
ROUTINE --  
THAT'S ALL I  
SAY!

NOW LISTEN  
HERE, POP!  
THAT'S JUST  
ABOUT ENOUGH!

IF YOU THINK HOUSEKEEPING IS  
SUCH A CINCH, I'D BE VERY  
HAPPY TO CHANGE JOBS FOR  
A DAY! WHAT DO YOU SAY?  
TOMORROW, YOU BE MAMA---  
AND I'LL BE PAPA!

--ER--  
OKAY,  
OKAY!  
IT'S A DEAL!

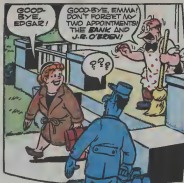
TOMORROW IS TUESDAY,  
AND TUESDAY ROUTINE  
IS AS FOLLOWS--COOK  
BREAKFAST! DO DISHES--  
CLEAN HOUSE--WASH OUT  
CLOTHES IN HAMPER--  
COOK DINNER--  
THAT'S ALL!

HO-HO-HO!  
WHAT A  
SNAP! I'LL  
FINISH IN  
TIME TO GO  
TO THE BALL  
GAME! I  
LOVE THIS!

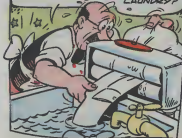


MRS. KILBOY! TIME TO GET UP! MAMA ALWAYS GETS UP A HALF HOUR EARLIER TO START BREAKFAST-- WHILE PAPA GETS TO SLEEP!





CONFIDENTIALLY... MY BACK IS KILLING ME! I GOTTA TALK TO NATCH ABOUT SOLING SO MANY SHIRTS! WHAT'S HE THINK WE RUN HERE, A CHINESE LAUNDRY?



WELL, THERE'S THE FIRST TUB-- FULL UP!--HEY! WHAT'S THE SUN DOING WAY DOWN THERE?



SIX O'CLOCK-- AND I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED DINNER YET!



EDGEAR, I'M HOME! HAD A WONDERFUL DAY-- CAN I HELP YOU?

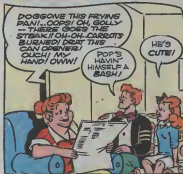
NO--NO, EMMA! NOTHING TO DO! EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL! JUST GO IN AND READ THE PAPER! DINNER WILL BE A BIT LATE!



DOGGONE THIS FRYING PAN!...OOPS! OH, GOLLY-- THERE GOES THE STEAK!! OH-OH, CARROTS BURNED! DRAT THIS CAN OPENER! OUCH! MY HAND! OWW!

POP'S HAVIN' HIMSELF A BASH!

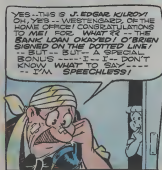
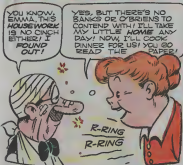
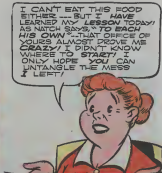
HE'S CUTE!



DINNER IS SERVED!







# KOLLEGE KAPERS

DARN YOU  
AND YOUR BOY  
SCOUT KNOTS!

YOU'RE DIFFERENT JIM!  
SOME OF THE YOUNG  
MEN ARE SO FRESH!



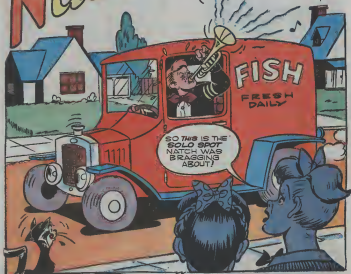
HARRY ENLISTED  
IN THE AIR FORCES...  
I'M KNITTING HIM  
A PARACHUTE!

PLEASE FORGIVE ME  
FOR BEING ANGRY  
WITH YOU LAST  
WEEK!

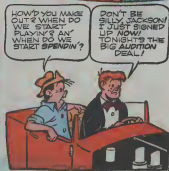
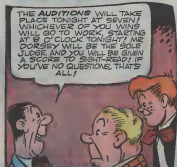
SURE, THAT'S  
ALL RIGHT! I  
SAVED TEN  
BUCKS WHILE WE  
WEREN'T ON SPEAK-  
ING TERMS!



# Natch<sup>in</sup> TRUMPET WITH AN ACE!



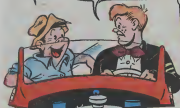






YEH, BUT  
YOU'RE AS  
GOOD AS  
ON THE  
PAYROLL,  
PAL!

WAIT A MINUTE,  
FOG LIGHT! WE HAVEN'T  
WON YET! THAT  
CHARACTER, WILBUR  
MORTON, IS SIGNED  
UP... AND I  
UNDERSTAND HE'S  
PLENTY HOT!



GOSH! I'VE GOT JUST 5 HOURS  
TO GO BEFORE AUDITION TIME!  
I GOTTA HURRY HOME AN' OIL  
UP THE OL' HORN! I'M GONNA  
BLAT MY BRAINS OUT TILL  
STARTIN' TIME!

HE'S  
REALLY  
WORRIED!  
HE USUALLY  
NEVER  
PRACTICES!



LATER...

BOY!  
THE POOR  
GUY'S REALLY  
KNOCKIN' HIMSELF  
OUT! HE'S BEEN  
GON' AT IT FOR  
3 SOLID HOURS!  
HE'S GOT THE  
JITTERS ABOUT  
THAT GUY  
MORTON!



HHMM! MAYBE IF I  
SORTA TOOK MATTERS  
IN MY OWN HANDS ---  
I COULD FIX IT SO  
NATCH COULDN'T LOSE!

I  
DOOD  
IT!



THAT  
EVENING--  
ABOUT SIX-  
THIRTY--

FELLOWS! TONIGHT  
WE'RE HAVING THE  
AUDITION FOR THE  
LOCAL YOKEL! WE'LL  
PLAY THAT OL'DIE,  
"MARGIE!" IT'S A BRASS  
LEAD! OKAY! TAKE TEN--  
I'LL GET THE KIDS SET UP!

O.K., MR.  
DORSEY!

RIGHT,  
TOMMY!



GOOD  
EVENING,  
MR. DORSEY!

WELL, HI, KID!  
WHAT'S ON YOUR  
MIND? YOU ONE  
OF THE CONTESTANTS?

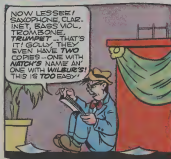


NO SIR, I DO THE  
ARRANGING FOR OUR  
HIGH SCHOOL SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA! I THINK  
YOUR ARRANGEMENTS  
ARE SUPERB! --AND  
I WOULD BE THRILLED  
IF YOU'D ALLOW ME  
TO LOOK AT A FEW!

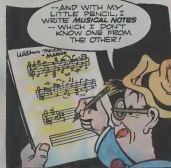
HO-HO---  
A LONGHAIR!  
WELL, ALL WE  
HAVE OUT  
RIGHT NOW  
IS THIS OLDIE.  
"MARGIE," IT'S  
FOR THE  
AUDITION  
TONIGHT!



NOW LESSER!  
SAXOPHONE, CLAR.  
INET, BASS VCL.  
TROMBONE,  
TRUMPET-- THAT'S  
IT! GOLLY, THEY  
EVEN HAVE TWO  
COPIES--ONE WITH  
NATCH'S NAME AN'  
ONE WITH WILBUR'S!  
THIS IS TOO EASY!



--AND WITH MY  
LITTLE PENCIL, I  
WRITE MUSICAL NOTES  
--WHICH I DON'T  
KNOW ONE FROM  
THE OTHER!



THAT'S EXACTLY  
THE ONE I  
WANT! I MEAN  
--AH-- THAT'LL  
DO SWELL! THANKS  
MR. DORSEY!

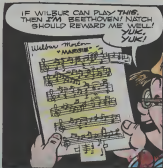
WHEN YOU  
FINISH LOOK-  
ING AT IT,  
PUT IT BACK  
ON MY MUSIC  
STAND!



NOW, WITH  
MY TRUSTY  
ERASER--  
I ERASE!

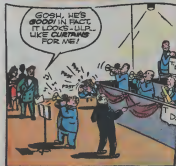


IF WILBUR CAN PLAY THIS,  
THEN I'M BEETHOVEN! NATCH  
SHOULD REWARD ME WELL!  
YUK,  
YUK!





**A FEW MINUTES LATER...**



POST! NATCH! THE MUSIC! LOOK! LOOK!





CONGRATULATIONS, KILROY!  
THE JOB'S YOURS! YOUR IMPRO-  
VISED STUFF WAS SENSATIONAL!

IMPROVISED?  
GOSH, MR. DORSEY--I  
ONLY PLAYED  
WHAT WAS ON THE MUSIC  
SHEET!

GOT  
IT!



I LIKE YOUR MODESTY, NATCH--  
BUT OUR ARRANGEMENTS  
AREN'T THAT GOOD! LOOK! THERE'S  
NO MUSIC ON THE STAND! I WANT  
YOU TO IMPROVISE  
ALL YOUR  
STUFF!

GOLLY! I  
MUSTA DREAMT  
IT! I COULDA  
SWORN THERE  
WAS MUSIC--  
HMMW! I'M  
BEGINNING TO  
SEE THE LIGHT!



THIS IS THE 15TH  
ARRANGEMENT I'VE MADE  
TONIGHT--AND I STILL  
CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY  
SOME OF THE NOTES  
ARE BLACK WITH LITTLE  
TAILS AND OTHERS  
LOOK LIKE  
LITTLE  
EGGS!

DON'T  
WORRY  
ABOUT MINOR  
DETAILS,  
JACKSON--  
JUST KEEP  
WRITING!



The End

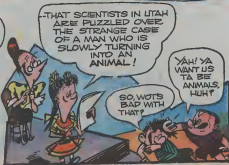




# The KIDDY KATTY-KORNER

by  
MILT GROSS

112132547  
\* 71329 = WOW!!



YER  
A  
FINE  
HEEL!

TOIN  
PEOPLE  
INTO PIGS,  
HUH?

CHILDREN!  
SYLVESTER  
WILL ANSWER  
IN HIS  
OWN WAY!

--OR  
MAYBE  
RATS?

T'ANKS, TEACHER!  
I'LL REMEMBER  
THIS WHEN I'M  
A BIG  
TYCOON!

NOW! SUPPOSE  
A HUSBAND AND WIFE  
IS ALL THE TIME  
FIGHTIN'-- LIKE  
MY OLD MAN AN'  
MY MOM!



I want a  
fox fur piece!

Oh, boy!  
murder!



"NAGGIN', NAGGIN', NAGGIN',  
ALL DAY LONG--SHE  
WANTS FOX FURS--IT'S  
MOIDER--"



"MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT, SHE'S  
HECKLING THE OLD MAN--SHE  
PICKETS HIM EVEN--THE GUY'S  
GOING BATTY--WOMEN--WOMEN--"

SO, MAYBE  
HE GETS  
DESPERATE--  
AND TURNS  
INTO AN  
ANIMAL!

It's Elmer! wasn't  
it kind of him to  
become a fox?

Gorgeous!



\* EVERYBODY'S HAPPY! \*

YOU'RE  
A FINE  
JERK!

TURNIN'  
YA  
FADDER  
INTO  
A FOX!

YAH!

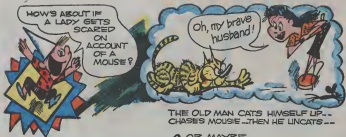
SUCH  
INGERTITUDE!





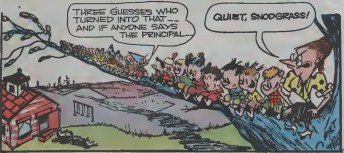
--AND SEEING OVER PEOPLE'S HEADS IN THE MOVIES--





OR MAYBE





# GROWING PAINS

"Aw, mom! Aw, dad! Have a heart," pleaded Charlie Holmes. "Ursula! What a name! She sounds like a horse!"

"Your cousin Ursula is a very nice girl," said Mrs. Holmes placidly. "You're going to like her very much."

"I'll hate her!" Charlie answered. "I can't even stand her name! Gosh, why'd you have to invite her here for the weekend and spoil everything? I had my own ideas and they were pretty good!"

"Mother," said Mr. Holmes quietly, "would you mind leaving the room? I'd like to speak to Charles . . . privately!"

Charlie and his dad waited until Mrs. Holmes left the living room. Then Mr. Holmes spoke. "Charlie," he said gravely, "you're growing up now and it's time you became aware of certain things."

Charlie squirmed uncomfortably. "But, dad!" he protested.

"Listen to me," his father continued. "There are many times when we can't do exactly as we wish. Real grownups are people who have learned to do the necessary things as well as the enjoyable! It's good manners and good sense! I'll leave you alone a while to think it over."

Charlie sat in the living room, all by himself. A great struggle was taking place inside him. On one hand was the terrific weekend he had planned . . . the ball game with the gang, the meeting at the coke palace afterwards, the juke box dance at Peggy's that night, the skating date at the rink . . . everything!

On the other hand was this female in-

truder. This . . . this . . . Ursula! Some little-known cousin who had no business interfering with him. And yet, what dad said made a certain amount of sense. It was a problem, all right!

For almost an hour, Charlie wrestled with his conscience. It was a tough decision, but he had to make it . . . and he did! Walking shyly into mom and dad's room, where they sat waiting, Charlie cleared his throat. "I'll have to call the gang and cancel all the dates," he announced, "on account of Ursula. She's probably an impossible type! But I guess you were right about duty, dad, so bring on my goony cousin Ursula!"

Mom and dad exchanged happy smiles. "Good for you, Charlie!" dad said heartily, pumping his son's hand up and down.

"Why, that must be Ursula now!" mom twittered as the door chimed sounded. "Come on down and say hello!"

Charlie swallowed his resentment and followed his parents to the front door. There stood Ursula . . . the prettiest, brightest-looking, fluffiest little blonde Charlie had ever seen!

"Hel-lo!" said Charlie, seizing his cousin's suitcase. Then, to Ursula's bewilderment, he added, "Wow!"

As the family took their visitor up to the guest room, Charlie managed to whisper to his dad, "Y'know something, dad? I guess doing one's duty can sometimes be a pleasure! Which this is going to be!"

Then he called to his cousin, "Say, Ursula, if you didn't bring your skates, I know where I can borrow an extra pair. Boy, is this going to be a swell weekend!"

# Natch

in

FEWER WORDS  
WERE NEVER  
SPOKEN!"

## WANTED



# 2837462  
NATCH KILROY  
CHARGES: -  
TALKING TOO  
MUCH!

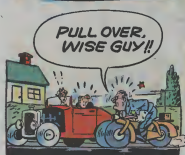
SEE, JUDY!  
I'VE NEVER SEEN  
YA LOOKIN' MORE  
BEAUTIFUL!

NATCH!  
WE TURN AT  
THE NEXT BLOCK...  
DON'T FORGET!

NATCH!  
WATCH WHAT  
YOU'RE  
DOING! PUT  
OUT YOUR  
HAND AND  
TURN!

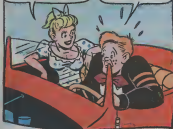
GOLLY,  
JUDY!  
I'D MUCH  
RATHER WATCH  
YOU!





THAT'S WHAT  
YOU GET FOR  
NOT WATCHING  
WHERE YOU'RE  
GOING! HE SURE  
TOLD YOU OFF!

I DUNNO  
ABOUT THAT--  
I MANAGED  
TO GET MY  
TWO BITS  
WORTH IN!



IF THAT'S TWO  
BITS WORTH,  
WE'VE REALLY  
GOT INFLATION!  
GOSH, NATCH--  
YOU WERE  
SPEECHLESS!

OH, I  
WOULDN'T  
SAY THAT  
JUDY--I'M  
A GENTLEMAN!  
I DON'T GO  
AROUND  
SHOOTIN' OFF  
MY MOUTH!



OH, NATCH! WHY  
DON'T YOU ADMIT  
YOU WERE SCARED  
STIFF! HA-HA  
HE-HE-HA!

OH, YEAH?  
ANY DAY I'M  
AFRAID OF  
A COP--  
ANY OLD  
DAY!..



HA-HA-HE-  
HO-HO!!  
---G'BYE,  
NATCH!

GOOD  
DAY,  
MISS  
FARRELL!



GOSH, JUDY MUST THINK  
I'M A CREAM PUFF-- BUT I  
JUST CAN'T HELP IT! COPS  
SOFTA PUT THE LID ON ME!  
STILL, I CAN'T LET HER  
THINK I'M A SQUARE!

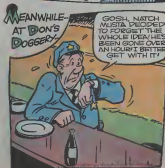


DON'S DOGS

MAYBE A  
DOG AND A  
COKE WOULD  
PUT SOME ZIP  
IN MY UPPER  
LIP!











OKAY OFFICER! BEFORE YOU GO  
SPOUTIN' OFF AT THE MOUTH, THERE'S  
A FEW THINGS I WANNA SAY!  
I NEVER BEEN TOO FOND OF YOU  
MOTORIZED FLATFOOTS SEE? SO  
GET GOIN' AN' DON'T KEEP  
CHASIN' ME  
AN' MY CHICK!



JUST  
LAY  
OFF ---  
OH, N-NO!!

SO WE'RE MOTORIZED FLATFOOTS  
--- AN' YA DON'T WANNA BE  
BOtherED WHEN Y'ER DOIN'  
15 MILES AN HOUR IN A 25  
MILE ZONE, EH? WELL, AN'T  
THAT JUST TOO BAD!!



I THINK THE  
CHIEF'D LIKE  
TA HEAR HOW  
YA FEEL  
ABOUT US  
POISONALLY!

C-CAN I HAVE A  
CHOICE OF HOW I  
GET F-FINISHED OFF?



LATER,

WOTTA  
PAL YOU  
TURNED  
OUT TO BE,  
DAVE!

GOSH, NATCH,  
I'M SORRY OL'  
BOY BUT DON'T  
WORRY-- I'M  
GONNA SEE THE  
CHIEF RIGHT  
AWAY! HE'S A  
PAL OF MINE!  
I'LL EXPLAIN  
EXACTLY HOW  
IT HAPPENED!  
YOU'LL BE  
OUTA HERE  
IN NO TIME!



STILL  
LATER,



End of  
Part 1



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